THE DANCING MASTER By RUBY AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "A Bachelor Husband,"
"The One Unwanted," etc.

They Gave Me My Frst Chance."

NO, NO, I beg you. He knows nothing about it. Why—he would sater die than take what die not belong to him. He would rather die than less than a shilling of yours—or mine. You she know him as I do. Oh, Neil—if you love me—. She felt as if she you love me—. She felt as if she was fighting for her life.

The air seemed full of unknown termes when she saw a faint relenting in his face she broke out again, desper-

"Believe me, please believe me, I'll do snything—anything—if only you will believe me." And then the tears came raning helplessly down her face.

Fagmer's eyes softened, and for a range for her pitiful sobbing; then he said, with irritating calmness. "Last week to the chair.

"Den't cry like that, Elizabeth," he said hoarsely. "It—hurts me to hear sid hoarsely. "It—hurts me to hear sid, with irritating calmens? "Last week the furniture was sold, and the vicer of Dilbury—you remember him, of course." "Yes, yes." She was almost beside herself with excitement. Mr. Junkers sold hoarsely. "The Vicar of Dilbury—Mr. Guilling—bought your uncle's old bureau, and it was there, wedge Believe me, please believe me, I'll

"No-no." snid Elizabeth passion-riv; "I gave that money to Enid. I sear I did. Mr. Royston knows noth-ing about; he would never forgive us the knew."
"And that other two hundred?"

Firmer asked slowly. sobbing ceased, and she closed That—that was given to him," she wid faintly. But he does not know; be think—he thinks it was paid back to him by a man who owed him two landred pounds."

She looked up at him imploringly. She looked up at him imploringly. The strue, she said. "I will tell you

She told him everything. She even in the first despairing letter she had received from Netta and showed it

him.

He walked away from her to the mid of the room; he was a man who had found it easy hitherto to get his ewn way with women, and often he despised himself because he had failed a signally with Elizabeth. And yet he loved her better than he had loved any women in his life, and it was bitterest jealousy that had driven him to be crue!

We it worth the game, he was ack-

Was it worth the game, he was askwas it worth the game, he was asking himself, to marry this girl knowing
that she cared nothing for him? Would
there be any happiness for either of
them if they were irrevocably tied togenerate the rest of their lives?

It would be so easy to be mar-

It would be so easy to be mag-animous, to destroy that check and tell her that the debt was canceled,

breathe.
Then she said mechanically: "I will

Then she said mechanically: "I will pay my debt to you in any way you wish. I will marry you—if that is the only way."

It was no longer of herself that she thought, but of Royston. In her ignorance she imagined that the negotiating of that check might bring terribbe upon him, although she knew "I can't Marry You—I can't." as surely as if she had been a witness that Enid Sanger had herself forged her husband's signature and taken the

fered anything to protect the man She looked up at Neil Farmer and a poor little smile curved her lips. "I will marry you-if you wish it."

the said again.
"Elizabeth!" He fell to his knecs beside her, and his arms went around her fercely, "I love you. I adore you. I'll make you so happy." He kissed her hands in an abandon of joy.

"You will be my wife; you will marry

But when he would have drawn her dose to kiss her lips she gave a little sobbing sigh, and slipped fainting from his arms.

Mme. Senestis gave a luncheon party the following day in honor of the cu-sement. She told Elizabeth that she had quite forgiven her, and hoped that they would always be friends.
Elizabeth's luncheon party, she

motey collection of her own friends, who had all heard of Elizabeth's failure at the Duchess', and stared at her corposals and her corposals are corposals are corposals and her corposals are corposals are corposals are corposals are corposals at the corposals are corp There was a great deal of wine con-

of triumph in her heart, and a feeting of unutterable thankfulness, for that morn-

"The debt is paid — handsomely paid," he told her, "and I hold the receipt," he added, his arm around her walst. Farmer had got a special license

and their marriage was to take place in four days' time. Mme. Scnestis managed to squeeze out a few tears
when she heard.
When the luncheon party had dis-

"I am going to marry Neil Farmer. dred, and laughed at me I wanted to tell you myself. There is a fool for trusting you!

bitabeth " for me to do. Good-by-

for you, mademoiselle. He is in the and opened the door; she was not in railtor could be, but she gave a little of astonishment of

laugh. She said with a little breath-the since I saw you. Mr. Junkers.' ing master!' She hardly recognized in Junkers went back to his chair began polishing his glasses on a broken; then suddenly he laughed wildly.

Truth, as you probably have heard, sometimes stranger than fiction, Miss for sometimes stranger than fiction, Miss followers, he said dryly, "and that being so, you may not be so very much the so, you may not be so very much be so your and all witnessed which was made by your that week before his lamented leath, week before his lamented in the sound in the sound

"A will which makes a con-change in your fortunes—con-"he added more affably."

Can Love Ever Die? John Hunter Says "No!"

in an Original Love Story Soon to Begin in the

Evening Public Tedaer

of course—"
"Yes, yes." She was almost beside
herself with excitement. Mr. Junkers
resumed his narrative imperturbably.
"The Vicar of Dilbury—Mr. Guiling
—bought your uncle's old bureau, and

"And, my dear young lady, I have great pleasure in informing you that in this will your uncle divides his property, leaving half to you and half to the hospital, so that now £10,000 will be yours and—my dear child, what is the matter?" for Eliabeth had broken

down into a fit of wild sobbing. Mr. Junkers tried to comfort her; he patted her shoulder and called her a good girl, and said that he hoped she would invest the money, or allow him to invest it, in gilt-edged securities, and

"It is mine, my very own, to do what I like with—absolutely my very, very own?"
"Yes, but I trust——" but Elizabeth

was sobbing again, and Mr. Junkers stood by and watched her in helpless

"It's like a dream—'ike a dream,"
she said over and over again.
Even when Mr. Junkers had gone she
could not believe that the whole interview was a reality; even the fact that tomorrow she was to lunch with him hardly convinced her.
She had told Mr. Junkers something of what had happened-that there was

a man to whom she owed money— money for her training, so she had ex-plained it. She was free! She still belonged to herself. She cou'd go on waiting, faithfully loving Pat Royston to the end of

milmors, to destroy that check and tell her that the debt was canceled, tell her that the debt was canceled, to let her go, and turn elsewhere for his happiness, and yet—. He went wiftly back to where she sat and hid a hand on her shoulder.

"Elizabeth—these people — Royston and the girl who wrote that letter—what are they to you that you should have been so anxious to hely, them?"

Her heart seemed to contract with agonizing pain until she spoke, quite steadily and without emotion.

"They were kind to me; they gave me my first chance when I had no one also to help me."

"And what about me?" he asked, with uncontrollable pain. "I have done my best for you, too, Elizabeth, but you care nothing for me." Her hands were clasped in her lap so hard that her knuckles stood out white, and for an instant she felt as if she could not breathe.

These she said mechanically: "I will he draw hack, perplexed, and a life."

"They were kind to me; they gave her she was fire—they were never to meet again.

But first she knew that she must fin-lish with Neil Farmer, and her heart smote her as she realized what it would mean to him. It almost broke her down in the morning when he came to the house, so confident and looking younger than she had ever seen him in her life.

Almost out of pity she yielded to his kiss of greeting; then she drew away sharp'y.

"No, I can't. Wait—please wait—I hove something to tell you."

He drew hack, perplexed, and a life.

hove something to tell you."
He drew back, perplexed, and a lit-

"I can't Marry You-I can't"

"Oh, very well." He leaned his shoulders against the mantelshelf. shoulders against the mantelshelf, a moody frown on his handsome face, and listened without much interest while In that moment she would have suf-

'And so-now I've got £10,000." she added tremulously. He laughed.
"Well, I congratulate you, my queen,
It's a nice little sum, but why I may

not be kissed until you have told me the stupendous news, I fail to see."

"It's because—because—oh, I would give anything if only I need not burt you, but—I can't marry you, Neil—I can't marry you."

"Can't marry me!" he echoed her words with blank incredulity. "But you promised! Half London knows of our engagement. Elizabeth, what are you saying. There was a growing fear in his eyes,

and his voice was rough with pain.
"It's the truth, the truth," she told him. "I don't love you—I never did, him. you know that-and I only said I would marry you because it—it was the only way in which I could pay my debt." "Your debt!" He took her hands in

his, holding them in a grip that hurt. "You owe me no debt. I behaved like a cad yesterday, trying to frighten you. The money I have spent on you is noth-There was a great deal of wine consumed and many absurd speeches made, and Elizabeth's head ached, and he felt more wretched than ever in her life before. And yet there was a sort face, but her band under the best and the stooped, trying to see her face, but her band under the stooped. And yet there was a sort face, but her head was downbent, and

the tears were falling.
"If it's that you've been thinking the debt is paid — handsomely

The debt is paid — handsomely to the money-all I've got, if I can have

She looked up, her cheeks flaming in defense of the man she loved. "He never had it; he never had it."

Neil Farmer laughed brokenly. "I know he didn't. Last night, when I left you, I went around to see that precious wife of his. My God! I when the luncheon party had dispersed and Farmer had gone, a little dushed with excitement and champagne. Elizabeth went up to her own room and wrote to Royston. It was only a short lost, but every word was written with the greatest pleasure. She admitted that she forged Royston's name on the check I gave you, and got the five hundred, and laughed at me and called me

"She said-I don't know why I She dared not read through what has had written; she slipped out ano when she got back the old house.

When she got back the old house.

"There is some one come," she and not to help her out of any trouble. She said—oh; what does it matter what sounced mysteriously. "They were all lies I know." She said—oh! what does it matter what she said? They were all lies, I know."

of astonishment when Mr. Junkher uncle's lawyer from Dilbury,
stiffly to greet her.

and the stiffly to greet her. agony in his face, and hid her own.
"Royston! A married man! A dancing master!" She hardly recognized

wildly. She looked away from his convulsed

face.
"I'm not going to him," she said tonelessly. "I would go—if he would have me—but he won't have me, Neil. He sent me away because—because he loves me too much to-to ruin my life. But it makes no difference-it never will -I shall belong to him in my heart,

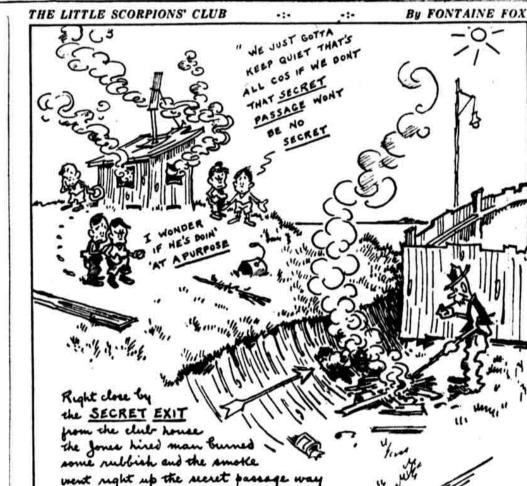
CONTINUED TOMORROW



By Hayward SOMEBODY'S STENOG-The Storm Registered U. S. Patent Office BESIDES WHAT WOULD I WANT I TELLYOU ITS UNJUST: IT'S CROOEL! LIGHTENINGS OH BOSS I WISH ID MEVER WITH THAT LEAN FACED, SAD-EYED OH I'M UNLUCKY! I TRY TO HELP OUT BEEN BORN! JUST THINK! ALL OVER - JUST THEIR LOVE AFFAIR AND I GET IT DARN GOSHANGED, SKINNY MY OLD FRIEND GERTIE THINKING A GENTLE RAIN! IN THE MECK! I WOULD TRY TO SNATCH THE - TICE-CREAM CONE DOPE LISTEN -MAN SHE'S ENGAGED TO ! AND BESIDES -HERES A LETTER FROM OH GERTIE" GERTIE ' HOW AHEM - HERES A COULD YOU! (SOB) LETTER FROM SMITH + CO -TELL THEM A E HATWARD - 23 . Diges by Public Ledger Co



says other people have a right to believe that we're descended from monkeys if they want to, but the good old evolution taught by the Bible is good enough for her.



The young lady across the way went right up the secret passage way and on out through the club house itself!





